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Cold Hands- Cold Heart



23 7 9

Chapter 1 by Catherine Ryan

Hey y'all! I just wanted to put out there how awesome I think this website is, but I would really appreciate it if we could keep this story clean! Thanks! :-)

The cold night air burns my cheeks as it rushes at me. My bare toes grip the frozen earth. My tattered dress tugs at my thin hips. I rub my blue hands together, but it does nothing. I lost feeling in them hours ago. I have been wandering around this wasteland too long. I won't ever find her. My sister. Why did she have to run? Why couldn't she trust me? I promised her she would be safe. I would never let the darkness come after her. I pray that she is safe from this cold, this biting, clawing cold. I pray that she found somewhere warm... And light.... And safe... My knees buckle beneath me. The last image I have is of a dark, looming shadow blocking out the white sky. My heart sinks.

Chapter 2 by intellikat

I wake somewhere much warmer. A bed, a fire, a pot bubbling over it. Walls and windows sealing out the winter. A flickering row of candles. And an old man sitting in an old wooden chair across from me, reading from a thick book. He sees me stir, and lifts a tin bowl from the floor into which he ladles something steaming from the pot.

"Uncle?"

He smiles and nods.

...you found her? ...

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...you can something else?

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Chapter 3 by heureux-xx



"Umm.. What do you meant by that?" I questioned Uncle. He was always such an airhead, to be honest I could never really take anything he said for granted..

"Oh, well, let me explain. When you gave your sister a Rolex instead of an Audemars Piguet, a mistake you probably shouldn't make again, she was offended, and ran off. As you chased her into the night, you both stumbled upon an open dimensional portal that was residual from a previous trip I had taken. And, without even noticing it, you both went into another dimension. You see, there are infinite worlds, many are similar to ours, many are vastly different. Every action you take or decide not to take results in a "new" dimension, or alternate reality. So, what exactly found your sister? The Supreme Overload of what I have deemed, Reality #2653333X. The Supreme Overload is.. Well, he's quite nice actually, but also very protective. You probably won't see your sister ever again."

I was utterly shocked at what my Uncle just said, but, to be honest, the only thing I could think of at the moment was why in the hell I decided to re-gift the Rolex my ex-boyfriend Ethan gave to me for prom.. Damn.

"I saw you passed out, so I decided to take you back with me to our dimension." Uncle continued.

"Uncle.. Are you drunk?" This was a realistic question, because most of the time, he was.

"Yes, but what I have told you is not any less true!" Uncle retorted.

"So, how do we get my sister back?" I asked, rolling my eyes at the thought of having to work with this drunkard.

"Well, that's not so easy..." Uncle began to explain.

Chapter 4 by intellikat



"You see, we're in an alternate dimension, so you can't just go back to the dimension in which the dimensional portals and such are. You have to find a way to get back, but that's really hard to do."

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"Your sister is now trapped in another dimension, and as I said, the Supreme Overlord of that dimension will not release her easily. However, if we are able to change the past such that your sister never runs off in the first place, it will avoid all unnecessary conflict and narrative concerning Reality #2653333X. We can simply continue through in this reality and enjoy a nice bowl of snake chowder together." He offered the tin bowl to me, which was steaming hot and sloppy around the edges where his ladling has proved an improper technique. "It's okay, dear. It is, in fact, delicious."

"I only have one question," I said, taking the tin bowl, which was incredibly hot. I placed it on the floor. "Is it the Supreme Overlord, Overload, or Overload who runs this alternate reality? You keep changing your mind about it."

"Oh geez, it's not that important, really." My uncle ladled some snake chowder into what looked like an antique ceramic chamber pot. "What is important is that we make haste to 1875... Switzerland."

"What? Why?"

"We must kill Jules Louis Audemars and Edward Auguste Piguet before they can found the luxy watch company that is the cause of this terrible predicament!"

"Ah. I see. And what about the time travel problem?"

"Simple. We must leap into Reality #1228130T where Neanderthals actually evolved rather than our Homo sapiens sapiens and became quite adept at creating such things as time machine and quality upright video game consoles. We will simply pop over, grab a time machine, pop back here, then back in time, kill the two watchmakers, and back here in time for chowder. And Walber's your uncle."

"Sounds like alot of narrative for only four more chapters."

"Trish" said Uncle Walber and sinned his chowder. "Eat your chowder. You'll need the protein

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